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Khione



dystopia

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Chapter 1 by Levi-Chu

I ran vigorously with my white tail between my legs, a habit of mine when I got scared. I kept on running, occasionally looking back to see if the hawk was following; it was.

I should've never tried to take it's meal. But I had to, I was starving, you could tell by my ribs that stuck out like sore thumb. I hadn't eaten a lot in the past month, or two.

I used half my brain to concentrate on running, one paw in front of the other and no tripping, and the other half to try to avoid every time the hawk would try to swoop down on me.

I had a brown field mouse in mouth, swaying with each gliding step I took. It was a small meal but, I got what I could.

I saw the mouse in the field earlier, but by the time I had pounced and killed it I'd finally noticed the hawk that had been circling it when I was waiting to attack. I robbed it of its meal. And that made it angry; and when a hawk got angry it got persistent. It wouldn't give up on the chase.

I usually had the upper hand being an agile cat, but since we were in flat green field my white fur stood out. And I had no place to hide, I mine as well have been cornered in room.

I could hear the hawk screech from above, it was getting closer. The noise hurt my sensitive ears more each passing second.

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I guess adrenalin could do amazing things. I look up at the angry bird circling above. I heard my stomach rumble, I needed to get this mouse in my starving system, if I wanted to survive another day.

Then I saw in horror, the hawk had gone into a deep dive. I try to dart out of the way but the hawk was faster. I was no match for it, it's talon scratched my side I yelped out in pain; dropping the mouse. The hawk quickly snatched it up in it's talons, now stained with my blood, and flew away. It screeched in triumph, a triumph I would've earned; if I wasn't so weak.

I look at my side. You could tell where almost every bone was especially the ribs and spine. Now there was three long red marks going diagonally across three ribs. They weren't deep, I've had worse in my first year of horrid life.

I look over my damaged body. My tail was dented where it used to have been broken; I had healed fast. My fur which was pure white when I was born, but was matted with mud and my blood from other animal attacks. I look down at my paws and lifted one up, it was scratched from when I slid on the hard road. I walk slowly out of the middle of the road. I don't want to become another one of the stains on the road.

I lick my paws, my scratchy tongue felt surprisingly good on the soft padding of my paws. I had lost another round to another animal, me the runt.

When I was born I was the runt, I was always the last to get to my mother's milk, being that there were seven kittens in the litter. So I wasn't very strong, so I usually don't win when it comes to other animals. I was lucky that I was the only one from my litter, including my mother that survived the storm.

I remember that hot Wisconsin Summer night, loud booms of thunder. Flashes of light. My mother telling us to hurry. Then I was falling behind alway the slow one, I saw a large flash and a crack, then a tree coming down on my family, I only came out with a broken tail.

I had just finished nursing that month so I was fine eating solid food. But I wasn't the best when I came from hunting, my mother had only taught us a little bit about hunting.

It's been three months since that night, Fall had started already and the nights were getting colder by the minute. Even though my fur was getting thicker it felt like it was getting even thinner. I shivered then started down the road.

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I was walking down the road when it turned to a dirt driveway. I smelt the air, no dogs, that was good.

I once met a dog, only a few days after that horrific night. I saw it looming over me, it was a dark shade of brown with orangish circles in certain places, a doberman.

I heard it's human call, "Stay away from that cat you stupid dog!" that's where I learned the word 'dog'. A terrifying creature, whenever I see or smell one I run the other way. I was grateful for that human.

I slowly go down the dirt driveway. My muscles ached from the run. If I had some food I bet I could've been stronger. I look ahead there was a small house white house with a brown wooden roof, across from it was a slightly bigger barn. I smelt cows, not a lot of them though.

I saw chicken up a head, then I heard something come from the house I tensed up, "You're a horrible dad! Who forgets their daughter's 13th birthday?" I had something say in a shrill angry voice. Then I saw a girl storm out of the house.

I frantically look for a place to hide, angry humans weren't good. Angry human have shovels. I see a red pick-up truck parked in front of the house, I hide behind it's large back wheel. I didn't like it here, it smelt of rust.

Soon I see the girl walk over to the pick-up and sits in front of the back wheel I was hiding behind. I felt the car move slightly as she leaned against it. I make no noise. What had happened to her? I wish I could've asked but, I was a cat. So she wouldn't understand me; but I would understand her if she spoke to me.

Then I realize something: I have my own problems. I need food.

Maybe she could give me some, I just need to make her notice me without provoking her.

I hear a noise, it sounded like someone going, "Uh huh huh huh." and sniffling. "How could he forget?" I heard her mutter sadness clear in her tone. I felt slightly bad for her, what should I do? I go with the choice I had previously to get food. I meow.

I sense her look up because the pick-up move, "Huh?" I hear her say quietly. I meow once more, louder this time. I hear her get up completely, I stiffen, was she getting a shovel. I once wandered to a barn and a human chased me with a shovel. I brace to see a shovel.

Then I see her kneel down with tan legs, and look at me. I see her face, she was a brown haired

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"Hey there." she softly cooed.

Hey, I respond, meows only came out though. I sniff her hand, it smelt like dough. I tentatively lick it, she giggles. I put one scratched paws forward to come closer. She pats the ground more. What did she have that she was patting the ground for. Then I realize I had been walking to her. Soon I was out of the shade of under the car and was standing in the sunlight.

I look up to her, what did you want? I think to myself.

"Hey kitty," she looks down at me then sits there as if she was thinking, then she lifted her head up, she had an idea, "Maybe since my dad didn't give me a present I can have you?"

What did she mean by have you? Then she holds her hands out, I instinctively cringe back. She does the same but slower.

I walk closer, she reaches out again.

What do you want? I meow. She reaches out more, I don't go back. I'm curious about what she wanted. I know; Curiosity killed the Cat. But come on! I'm a cat. Curiosity is in my blood. I think. Soon I was right in front of her hands. She reaches out farther and picks me up from under my arms.

What the heck are you doing? I meow loudly at her. She had stood up and my legs were dangling in the air, I meow once more. This was hurting my arms.

"Good girl." she said, then flipped me over and carried me like a baby being careful of my cuts. "

Let's go inside, and be good. I'm going to try my best to guilt trip my family. So look innocent.

Stop baring your teeth." she said. I realized I had been baring my teeth and a quiet growl had erupted from my mouth. I quickly stop, then the girl walks briskly back to her little house.

The inside of the house was interesting. We walked into a white hallway with tiled floors. Then we walking into another room filled with food! Food everywhere! Bread on the cupboard, bananas sitting out to ripen. A box that said, Cheerios was opened too. There was a counter that came out near the middle of the room that had four tall chairs sitting next to it, two of them were occupied by some older looking humans.

One of them, the male, had brown hair that didn't even touch his ears. He looked guilty, this must be who the girl was yelling at. Next to him staring angrily at him was a female. She seemed dominant over him. She also had brown hair but hers stopped at her shoulders. She had a pointy

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"Yes but where did you get it?" said the female who I suppose is the mother. So that man must be the father, I realize.

"I found it behind dad's car" explained Jess.

"It was behind my car?" said the dad a little loudly, but to me it was very loud.

"Why'd you bring that thing in the house Jess?" asked the father.

"Since you didn't give me a present I found my own" stated the girl matter-of-factly. That sent the dad aback.

"Lydia help me out here" said the father looking to the mother for help.

"You got this. I personally always wanted a cat" said the mother, Lydia laughing.

"Please daddy" said Jess in the most innocent voice ever. And the use of daddy man this girl was good at guilt trips.

"Ugh, fine but you have to take care of it. And don't forget to bathe it. It stinks" I smell myself I don't stink that bad.

"What are we going to do about this?" said Jess's mother getting up and pointing at my cut from the hawk attack.

"We'll take it to the vet" said the dad gruffly. The girl smiles widely then runs off in the other direction.

"Where you going sweetie?" called her mother.

"You said she needs a bath!" responded Jess. Soon we were in a room even whiter than the hallway. It had a counter with a dip in it that had a faucet over it. I think it's sink. Then there was a marble chair that also went into a dip. It didn't smell too pleasant. Then there was a large bowl, a bath. It had what looks like a saucer with holes in it at the top. Jess goes over to it and turns a nozzle. Water streams out of it.

I never had seen such clear water. Then she walks over to the door and shuts it. Then she gently puts me down. The ground was surprisingly cold. Then she goes over to the bath. And sticks her hand in it.

"Nice and warm" she says to herself. Then she turns to me.

"Bath time" she said softly like she was trying to calm me down. Did she want me to go into that mini lake she made? As long as I get food later I'm in!

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out and was laughing, what was she laughing about. Then she reaches in and starts to pet her finger through my fur. I started to purr this felt great, I thought cats didn't like baths; but what's not to like. Warm water flowing through your fur was amazing. It felt especially good against my wounds.

Then she lifted me out of the water, I meow loudly, What are you doing I was enjoying that! Then she grabbed a fluffy gray towel and wrapped me up in it until I could barely move. Then she picked the bundle with me in it and drained the bath. I watches as the water swirled down into the drain. Jess laughed when she noticed my head was going in circles watching it. I enjoyed making her laugh.

Then we left the bathroom, I saw Jess's father in the hallway talking to her mother. Then they looked at me.

" Turns out she's a pure white cat." said Jess proudly. What was she so proud of I wondered. Me? Then she walks to another room. Her room. It had a light blue wall with a bed in the corner. A dark brown desk was in the corner with pencils strewn across it and papers with sketches all over it. There was a closet on the far side wall with a red bean bag chair next to it. She sets me down on her bed with a blue comforter and unwraps me from my fluffy prison. Once I was on the bed and free I shook some of the water out.

" You seem more like a dog than a cat." said Jess.

Don't compare me to a dog! I yowl.

" Sorry, sorry." she laughs. Then she goes over to her closet and reaches up to a shelf in it and pulls down a machine that had a nozzle with holes n it, and with a cord coming out of it. What's that? I meow. Then she plugged the machine in and pressed a button. A loud noise emitted from the nozzle and air blew fast and loudly from it. I stepped back far as I could. Soon I was up against the wall. Jess came closer, " It's just a blow drier. It'll get your fur dry." she tried to calm me down.

I decided I have to fight this wind monster! I start biting at the air.

I shall not be defeated! I yowl at the machine. Then she turns it off. She pets my fur which was dry and fluffy. It looked nice.

" Okay, so you got your bath, all that's left it a name and food." I jumped at the word food but a

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Jess thinking hard

I know where the story

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"Khione?" asked Jess. I stopped and thought about

“Cool, she’s the goddess of snow and ice.” explained Jess. I’m going to be named after a goddess? Interesting. Maybe names aren’t that bad after all.

“Now let’s find you some food.” said Jess proud that she had finally named me. I jumped up. Time for my starvation to end. She walks to the kitchen; me following closely at her heels. Her mother was in the kitchen frying up something that smelt absolutely amazing.

“Mom, what can we feed Khione?” asked Jess.

“So you named her Khione, pretty name. We’re having fried fish for dinner. She can have some for now.” responded Jess’s mother. It made me happy that she liked my name. And fish! Give it to my mouth! Now! I’m starving!

Then we waited at a table, I sat on Jess’s lap. I was so hungry I’d forgotten about my aching side. Then a plate was put in front of Jess. Soon her father and mother sat at the table and Jess said, “In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Bless us oh Lord and these thy gift that we’re about to receive. From thy bounty from Christ our Lord. Amen.” I think she was praying.

Then the fun started, Jess put me down then grabbed two bowls. One she filled to the rim with water. Then she put me on the ground next to her feet and put the bowl of water down.

This is all I get? Where’s the food? I meow loudly at her.

“Tell that cat to be quiet.” said Jess’s father rather rudely.

“Just wait Khione, I’ll bring you your fish.” said Jess ignoring her father. Then she came over with a plate that steamed and smelt like nothing I’ve ever smelt before. It smelt like a hot summer day when I found a rotting fish. I had to eat it because I was close to starvation again so I had to eat it. It better not taste like that.

I sniff it closely, it smelt better than the fish. I bite a piece out of the steamy fish. I tasted wonderful. I quickly scarfed it down. Barely breathing between bites. Soon I was finished completely finished and licking the plate clean.

“That was quick.” I heard Jess’s mother say. Then I sat there patiently. Waiting for them to finish, “Okay, let’s get this cat bandaged up.” I heard Jess’s father say. Maybe he did care about me a bit. Then Jess came over and picked me up. Then she brought me to a room, it had a long cushioned chair; a sofa I think. And a small table with papers on it. They pushed them aside and set me down on the table. Then Jess’s mother came in with a white box labeled, FIRST AID.

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to cloth around my waist. When it was done it looked I had be chopped in half and someone taped me together. Then Jess petted the top off my head.

Then Jess picked me up and brought me back to her room. She set me down at the bottom of her bed and turned off the lights. Then she turned on a lamp next to her bed and picked up a book and settled into bed. She opened it near the middle of book. Then she started reading it. I curled up next to her and fell asleep.

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